

PASO ROBLES Where Society Finds Relief

SAN FRANCISCO'S "400" IS IN SERIOUS MOOD WHEN IT TURNS TO THE NEEDLE SHOWER, THE STEAM ROOM AND THE MUD BATH TO SLOUGH OFF THE EFFECTS OF TOO MUCH HIGH LIVING

THE MUD BATH HOUSE FREQUENTED BY THE MODERN VENUS.

PASO ROBLES RAPID TRANSIT. ALL ABOARD FOR THE MUD BATHS.

LIKE A CROWD OF BACCHANALIAN ON AN. SENATORS

IN THE MUD BATH—LEARNING WHAT LIFE MEANS TO A HIPPOPOTAMUS

MELTING THAWING AND RESOLVING INTO A DEW IN THE TURKISH ROOM

For some weeks past the register of Hotel El Paso de Robles has read like the pages of a San Francisco blue book.

There have been generals and colonels and lieutenants without end, and sandwiched in between the Peter Martins, the Henry T. Scotts, the J. Downey Harveys, the Tevices, McKinstrys, Slosses, etc., including, of course, James D. Phelan and Ned Greenway. Where as usual you find the great, there were the near great also—like the small boys who follow the band wagon, eager to be within touch of it.

This hagra of the great and the near great has not been wholly due to the presence of Admiral Evans and his party at the hot springs. Many have gone to pay their respects to the admiral, it is true. But there is another reason. This is the time of the annual pilgrimage to the hot springs of Paso Robles of those who after a season of feasting and gay revels are wont to cry out with Hamlet: "O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, Thaw and resolve itself into dew."

The long, sober days of the Lenten hiatus are a propitious time for sloughing off the irksome, martiale pounds of "too, too solid flesh" and the hot springs of Paso Robles are known to have virtues other than the prosaic curing of rheumatism. Though even rheumatism has of late almost risen to the point of a fad, judging from the proud air with which members of the veranda brigade have confessed to Admiral Evans, as he stopped for a moment's chat with one and another while out for his daily constitutional: "Oh, yes, admiral, I am here for the same reason you are. I, too, have rheumatism, you know."

And there is much exercise. As soon after breakfast as possible a swim in the big green plunge, where the warm sulphur water looks like it was running over a bed of moss. After 20 minutes or half an hour of swimming there is a tonic bath that tones the swimmer up to taking a brisk walk.

This tonic bath is a great feature of the treatment at Paso Robles, as it is at the famous sanitariums at Lakewood, N. J., where John D. Rockefeller goes when the cries of "tainted money" get on his nerves and where Murphy and the Tammany tigers go to get over the effects of a vigorous campaign. The society woman feels pretty much the same way at the close of a season. After a few minutes in a hot air cabinet the patient stumps into a shower apparatus where a circular douche is delivered at intervals of several inches, while a Scotch douche is hurled from across the room at her spinal column.

There is simply nothing for it but to go out for a walk. And so along the wide roads that cut the oak covered hills and on the paths leading into the canyons one meets these women who are making a business of losing a given number of pounds of flesh in a given length of time.

Always at a brisk clip, two or three miles from the hotel, and back before luncheon. One, whose weight was 145 under a pressure of from 20 to 25 pounds, it starts out like the beating of a sharp summer rain and changes gradually to the sting of fine sleet, finishing with the sharp cut of a lash and the same sound and feeling that makes the bather feel like sailing forth to fight her weight in wild cats.

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On these days of trimming down and feeding in, over the low partition on one side comes:

"Do you think I'm very much too stout?" And from the other: "Really, now, don't you think I would look better if I could take off a little there and add a little here?" And from the hallway: "You know I really can't stand it to have my waist line creeping up in this fashion."

And to each one the attendant replies mechanically in the way expected of her. Down in her heart she wonders just a little how anybody in the world finds time to be so concerned with the exact disposition of every ounce of flesh on her anatomy. But she rubs and kneads and slaps as if it were the most important thing in the world, for a good massage always humors the whims of her patients.

The day's work of the beauty seekers at Paso Robles is not always the same. Each woman makes out her own program with the aid and advice of the house physician, who must see that no one takes any risks on health in the pursuit of beauty.

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Even as a cat may look at a king so may the common grub worm look at the butterfly in the fashion that fit by. And, indeed, one suspects the butterflies would be just a mite disappointed if there were no one to see. Else why those gay kimonos, all pale pink, soft gray, delicate blue, gorgeously embroidered with every fancy of the Japanese artist? And the collures so carefully arranged or becomingly disarranged?

And so it is worth while in an idle hour to linger in the gentle warmth of the solarium at the bathing hour or in the rotunda of the hotel for that matter. For at these hot springs, where bathing is the business of the day, the bath becomes the chief topic of conversation and the taking of the bath an occasion for taking everybody into your confidence just as far as possible.

At the bathing hour women are seen fitting about the halls, in the elevators and when crossing the rotunda in their fetching negliges.

But all of them must pass through the glass covered corridor leading from the sun room to the kurhaus, and here, where the light filters through the trees and vines planted in the window boxes, they seem more like butterflies than in the dim halls of the hotels. A very pretty picture they make, going about this serious business of the beauty quest, their silken Japanese robes carefully concealing, carefully revealing dainty lace trimmed lingerie and feet encased only in sandals.

Refined and luxurious to the last degree is the taking of the beauty bath. Rheumatic and other stupid neuroses have the bother of undressing and dressing again. But these butterflies have only to slip off their kimonos and another light garment or two, and when they emerge from the dressing room into the marble halls of the bath—presently they have gone back to the chrysalis state. Swathed in sheets, which can be dropped at the door of the cabinet, the Turkish hot or steam room or the hydrotherapy tonic bath, as the case may be, they are butterflies no longer.

For those who are very much in earnest in this absorbing beauty quest the sheet is dropped in turn at every step. The exercise of the morning makes the pores open readily, and a few minutes in the hot room with its temperature of 140 degrees makes the "too, too solid flesh" begin to melt very rapidly. Only the wet cloth about the temples and the glass of ice water make possible the necessary stay, but they are Spartan in their determination, and for a half hour the melting, thawing and resolving into dew go on. After this there is the Turkish rub, which cools and freshens the body. But the closing of the leaking pores is only for the moment. This Turkish shampoo is only preparatory to another parboiling in the hot air cabinet, where a few more ounces are wrung from a body whose every vein and artery, capillary gland and pore is by this time working at full tilt. Out of the cabinet and under the tonic douche for melting of the needle spray and Scotch douche, and—the day's work is done.

There is a busy hour for the skilled attendants, who must be here, there and everywhere, with wet towels for the heads, with ice water, with bath mits and brushes and soap, turning on a tub of hot sulphur water for those who prefer that to the hot air cabinet or electric lights, stopping between times at the scales to decide the exact number of ounces of gain or loss. And all the while the halls of the bath are filled with fitting figures which, with their draped sheets and towel bound heads, present the appearance of a crowd of bacchanalian Roman

senators on the morning of the next day after.

Strangely enough all this bathing is not enervating, as it would seem. After each relaxing treatment comes a tonic spray, a massage or Turkish rub, and the reaction sets in, preventing a drain upon the vitality. Not every body loses flesh by bathing. Baths, taken under proper direction, are a regulator, bringing the system back to normal from whichever way it has strayed from wrong living and no thinking. And so the very treatment that takes flesh from one puts it on another. Those who have only their bones and a bundle of nerves left after a strenuous social season can get back what they have lost by a course of baths, even as those who have waxed fat with the feasting can lose their unnatural surplus.

Not content with the variety of bath treatments afforded by the new kurhaus at Paso Robles, which has facilities for every hydrotherapeutic treatment known to medical science, the most earnest devotees of the body beauty add still another bath to the day's list. This is the mud bath.

The mud baths are located immediately below the lithia springs, about two miles from the hotel. Here there are no marble halls and tiled floors and porcelain tubs. But no matter, that takes flesh from one puts it on another. Those who have only their bones and a bundle of nerves left after a strenuous social season can get back what they have lost by a course of baths, even as those who have waxed fat with the feasting can lose their unnatural surplus.

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A SWIM IN THE BIG GREEN PLUNGE

o'clock to take the pneumatics and other persons of sordid ill to the mud baths. But this is too late and leisurely a way for Milady of the Beauty Quest.

While yet the invalids are eating their early breakfast, Milady of the Beauty Quest is crashing over the white road leading toward San Miguel mission in a \$15,000 motor car. At a bend in the road nestles the little frame building that covers the mud vats. Perhaps the attendant has not yet arrived, so the car flies back to fetch her while Milady drinks her several glasses of the hot lithia as it flows from its subterranean caldron.

The disrobing takes but a second, for Milady of the Beauty Quest is nothing if not luxurious. She has thrown her kimono over her night dress and a long cloak over that, slipped her bare feet into a pair of sandals, and with her well drawn dress slipped into her car not five minutes out of bed, where an hour before she had her toast and coffee, if indeed she does not forego even this light breakfast.

To enjoy a mud bath one must not stop to think about it. Just walk



A SHOWER COMPLETES THE MUD BATH AND PREVENTS TAKING COLD

down the steps leading into the warm black moor. A rope hangs there to comfort the timid, for the first step into the soft mud gives one a queer sensation. Not to Milady of the Beauty Quest, perhaps, but to many another it calls up visions of barefoot days when one waded about in the rain. Only you keep going down, down, down, the warm mud folding softly about you until it is up waist high, with the hot spring water that flows continually in and out reaching on to the shoulders.

"Ugh!" you say in the first moment. The fastidious side of you revolts at the contact of the flesh with plain, dirty black mud.

Like a Hippopotamus

But as the warmth steals gently into your body and your blood begins stirring faster and faster through your veins you begin to recognize a kinship with the swine, and to understand for the first time what life means to a hippopotamus. And you are sorry when the attendant comes along and tells you pull yourself out by the rope reluctantly, and are surprised to find that the mud slips off, leaving scarcely a trace. After a hosing off for any particles that remain, you are wrapped in a sheet and led to another vat where steps that lead this time into clear warm water, warmer than that in which you spent five minutes preparatory to the mud. From this you go to your cot and are tucked up in blankets and left to sweat it out.

By this time your skin is like a piece of chamois, and you feel as if you were being strained through it. The perspiration rolls off in rivulets, and in a half hour you get rid of somewhere between a half pint and a pint, according to conditions. Milady of the Beauty Quest who would regulate the loss of her pounds plus a place of rubber about her body where the superfluous adipose tissue offends most. When she loosens it she could pour the water into a cup.

From this on the bath is like any other. After the blankets there is a shower and a massage and alcohol rub, to prevent taking cold.

As the jingle of the bells of the queer little tandem horse car reaches the bathhouse, Milady of the Beauty Quest is getting the last spanking of the masseuse. And as the passengers with their vulgar complaints of rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis and kindred disorders come down the cottonwood path, our luxurious modern Venus of the bath slips on her kimono and her cloak, trips with sandaled feet across the path and into her waiting motor car, and in five minutes is back at the hotel ready for her swim and tonic bath before luncheon.

As the honk of the horn grows fainter down the road, the attendant confides to her next patient.

"I suppose it's all very nice to have a \$15,000 motor car, but I'd rather ride in the Paso Robles streetcar."

Which goes to show how very nicely this world is balanced, after all.

The Important Uses of California Redwood

By H. A. Crafts

THE noble California redwood as a simple tree has been pretty well exploited in the general literature of the day; its gigantic proportions have been, and still are, a valuable asset in the sum total of the state's wonders.

The redwood logging camp has also been liberally dealt with; it has also been photographed time and again. But in its everyday uses in commerce, manufactures, arts, engineering and mechanics, the redwood has not received so much attention.

The California redwood has long been a leading article of lumber used upon the coast; and its use, instead of diminishing with time, is increasing.

Look at the great majority of California dwellings; examine their composition, and you will find that the redwood composes the bulk of the lumber entering into their construction. Joists of floor, walls, ceiling or roof will be found to be composed almost exclusively of redwood, while the same substance may be found in siding, sheeting, interior and exterior finish, and even the roof will be found to have been covered with redwood shingles.

composed almost wholly of what the lumber man calls "clear stuff."

To sum up, the redwood is not "sappy"; it is free from pitch; it is straight of grain and free from blemish; it, therefore, makes an ideal building material.

Again, there is probably not a wood in the world that has been adapted to so many uses as the California redwood. Observe the mission furniture and other unique cabinet work that are now made of the material.

Redwood as an interior finish is now very popular in all the coast regions, and is finding its way into the east. Chicago is at present offering an excellent market for the redwood, and therefore, makes an ideal building material.

Just before starting for the coast he had given orders for the lumber for the interior finish, and expected to see a part of the work done upon his return from California. But he came to California and saw some of the elegant redwood finish that may be seen here. He was at once struck with its richness of color and of grain. The more he saw of it the more he liked it; in fact, he was completely captivated with it. Then he hurried to the nearest telegraph office and sent a wire to Chicago countermanding the order for the lumber for the interior finish of his new mansion given before leaving for the coast. That task performed he went to a San Francisco lumber firm and ordered a big bill of redwood to be dispatched for the east, post haste, to take the place of the rejected lot of eastern lumber.

To show that redwood lumber is in demand it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that the "clear stuff" in the San Francisco market commands from \$35 to \$40 per thousand feet.

California redwood is extensively used in the manufacture of doors, windows, sash, blinds, etc. It makes very handsome panels, especially if the lumber is selected with reference to the beauty of its grain. Panels of this kind, well polished, oiled or varnished, are very ornamental indeed. The wood also makes very handsome newel posts and rails.

place. It has been found the very best wood in the world for use in the manufacture of stave pipe for the conduct of water for mining, irrigation and domestic purposes.

In works of this kind it may be found all the way from Los Angeles to Butte, Montana. To particularize more fully, it is used for city water works, water power plants, hydraulic mining, irrigation works; it frequently takes the place of flumes in conducting water across difficult places by means of upright or inverted siphons.

For use in the construction of domestic water works systems the California redwood stave pipe is also finding its way into the east. One San Francisco firm recently completed a contract for a 25 mile system of domestic service pipe in Lynchburg, Va. The pipe used is 30 inch interior diameter.

This firm secured the contract in competition with both metal and wood pipe men of the east and west, it being shown to the people that the redwood pipe was superior to all others. For water pipes the California redwood has been found more durable than all others ever used in work of the kind. This is by reason of the qualities already cited. There appears to be no other wood in the world equal to it in its power to resist decay.

California lumbermen say that the demand for redwood is constantly on the increase, yet the supply is limited. The principal redwood forests extend along the coast from the northern boundary of the state nearly to the Golden Gate. They extend back from the coast only about 10 or 12 miles. There are some smaller forests south of San Francisco, but they do not count much when it comes to a lumber supply.

Humboldt county has the largest bodies of redwood. It originally contained 520,000 acres of forest; of this amount 52,000 acres have been cut, leaving the present area something like 468,000 acres. It is estimated that upon this acreage stand not less than 49,000,000,000 feet of lumber. The present rate of redwood consumption is about 250,000,000 feet annually. At that rate the Humboldt county supply would last about two centuries.

But experts figure a greatly increased demand for redwood, and predict that the supply will be about exhausted a century hence.